

NEW AUTO LAW PUTS PENALTIES ON THE FAST OR SLOW

Speed Limit 15 Miles in City,
but Four-Mile Rate in Turn-
ing Corners.

TO STOP AS CARS STOP.

Eight Feet Clearance Must Be
Given to Passengers Alight-
ing From Trolleys.

Motorists should worry!
The above is not to be taken at its
verbal value, as may be seen by
reading further.

The day to begin worrying is June 1,
when the new speed ordinance passed
by the Board of Aldermen goes into
effect. Suffering the present city ordin-
ance "antiquated, ineffective, inadequate
and unsatisfactory," the new ordinance
was provided by the Board of Aldermen
and is ready for the guidance of drivers
who would save themselves arrest and
severe penalties.

A speed of fifteen miles an hour is
allowed in the city, and up to that
point the automobilist has a chance to
prove he was not driving recklessly.

An accident happening while he is going
faster than fifteen miles an hour becomes
a matter for evidence as to the con-
dition of the street and his possible
recklessness. But if he is going beyond
that speed and anything happens—good
night! The burden of evidence is
against him.

25 MILES AN HOUR IN OUTLYING
SECTIONS.

Twenty-five miles an hour is the limit
in getting sections. Be the road as
smooth as glass and as free from ob-
struction as a bull frog in from feathers,
it makes no difference, the chauffeur
will be arrested if he goes faster.

Much worry is in store for drivers
over the part of the new ordinance
which forbids, under pain of arrest,
turning a corner faster than four miles
an hour (walking speed for an ordinary
man). The idea, according to the tabu-
lation of speeds per second of autos
and pedestrians, is to give pedestrians
and autos an equal chance on street
crossings. At that rate both are going
about six feet a second and both can
stop within a few feet.

Under the old law a limit of eight miles
an hour in the built-up sections was
provided, with an allowed speed of fifteen
miles where buildings were 100 feet
apart. The eight-mile limit made the
chance of pedestrians one to two in
getting away. But the speed limit of
eight miles was violated more than
often. The Cullen law left it to the
discretion of the driver to maintain a
safe speed.

AUTOS MUST STOP EIGHT FEET
FROM CARS.

The present fifteen-miles-an-hour limit
of safety in the city gives the automobil-
ist a four-to-one advantage in trying to hit
a pedestrian as the auto is going about
twenty-two feet a second to the pedes-
trian's stay. But if the autoist wins
and is making fifteen miles an hour at
the time he is guilty and will be fined
or imprisoned or both.

Most important in the new law is the
regulation making it criminal to pass or
overtake within eight feet of a street
car discharging or taking on passengers.
Autos must come to a dead stop eight
feet from a stopped car, or be able to
pass safely.

First offenders against the new law
will be punished by a fine between \$5
and \$10, or by not more than fifteen
days in jail, or by both. Second offenders
(within a year) will meet a fine of from
\$5 to \$10, or not more than thirty
days in jail, or both. Third offenders
(within a year) can be fined \$20 and
imprisoned sixty days in jail.

FOUND DEAD FROM GAS
BY NINE-YEAR-OLD NIECE.

Morris Mayer, Who Had Made and
Lost a Fortune, Gives Up
Struggle.

Morris Mayer, who has suffered busi-
ness reverses and domestic troubles for
several years, killed himself with gas
to-day at the home of his sister-in-law
at No. 128 Jackson avenue, the Bronx.
Mayer organized an express and storage
business twenty years ago, which brought
him a comfortable income and enabled
him to buy tenement-houses in which
he had an equity of \$44,000.
His fortune was dissipated by his
legal quarrels with his wife. He went
to live with his sister-in-law and
worked as a driver until he had saved
\$2,000 with which to start over again.
His new enterprise did not prosper,
yesterday he received an invitation to
the engagement party of his oldest
daughter, who remained with his wife
after the separation. He appeared to
his friends to be in good mood over the
invitation. He stayed away from home un-
til long after midnight. Martha Wet-
heimer, his nine-year-old niece, found
him dead in bed this morning. A gas
tube was in his mouth.

Cardinal Farley in Kingston.
KINGSTON, N. Y., May 24.—Cardinal
Farley has recovered from the slight
indisposition of yesterday which pre-
vented his speaking at the jubilee meet-
ing after the dedication of St. Joseph's
Parochial School. He spent the forenoon
today visiting the various parishes in
Kingston. He expects to return to New
York to-morrow night. The fatigue
from which the Cardinal suffered yester-
day resulted from an automobile ride
to Kingston from Cold Spring.

THE PERFECT SUMMER COSTUME

Fourth Article
of a Series.

"Ideal Dress for Hot Season Must Be Cool, Charming and Comfortable," According to Art

"Many of the Present Styles Are Cool Because They
Don't Require Much Under the Outer Garment,
Charming Because They Follow the Curves
of the Body, Comfortable Because They
Have No Superfluous Display,"
Says H. Richard Boehm,

By Marguerite Moores Marshall.

What is the perfect summer costume for women?
So far, the dressmakers have said one thing, the artists quite another.
A group of French painters started the revolt against the authority of the
costumers, an authority which the extravagant modes of the past few years
have been slowly straining to the breaking point. Now, in
this city an illustrator, a portrait painter and a
woman sculptor have in succession decried the modes
that come out of Constantinople by way of Paris, and
pleaded for a return to something simpler and more
distinctly national. One of these critics, Mrs. Myra
Muselman-Carr, described in detail for the women
readers of The Evening World the one-piece frock
which she has found a perfect answer to all the chang-
ing problems of feminine dress.

For the woman of pronounced independence and
strength of character, such a complete breaking of sar-
torial shackles is not at all impossible. There are
undoubtedly in New York many to whom Mrs. Muselman-Carr's decla-
ration of independence will sound as a welcome challenge.

But there are more who do not want to look quite unlike their neigh-
bors, even though they long for clothes at once beautiful and comfortable.
These women will be interested in the views of H. Richard Boehm, the well
known illustrator and depicter of charming young women. Mr. Boehm isn't
as hard on Paris fashions as some of his brother artists. And he has given



The Evening World several happily con-
ceived sketches to help prove his point,
that an admirable summer costume can
be chosen from among the current styles
—if the chooser has a pretty taste of her
own.

"The ideal summer costume
should be cool, charming and com-
fortable. Now many of the present
styles are cool because they do not
require much underneath the outer
garment. They are charming be-
cause they follow closely the
curves of the body. And they
are comfortable because they
have not a lot of superfluous
drapery to get in the way of move-
ment. What more can a woman
ask?"

That's how Mr. Boehm summed it up
when we talked in his pleasant studio
at No. 4 West Thirty-ninth street.
"I grant you that there's little super-
fluous drapery about the present styles,"
I said. "But, honestly, did you ever see
worse fashions than some of the wearers
of the skimpy slit skirt?"

FASHION IS PERSONALITY, SAYS
THE ARTIST.
"But here's the point," Mr. Boehm re-
plied, earnestly. "If any style makes
a woman look like a fright, it's the wrong
style for her. In the last analysis fash-
ion is personality. The most ridiculous
mode you ever saw was originally a
beautiful creation on some woman.
Otherwise it would never have been
copied and copied, as often by those
whom it didn't become as by those
whom it did."



H. Richard Boehm.

GIRL BALL PLAYER STRIKES OUT SLEUTH; JUDGE IS UMPIRE

Arrested for Accepting Tips for
Programmes at Sun-
day Game.

Helen Zenker, third baseball girl of
the New York Female Giants, scored a
home run to-day in the Harlem Police
Court stadium, with Magistrate Marsh
as umpire. Helen is seventeen, pretty,
active, intelligent and has the easy gait
and springy step of the athlete. When
she isn't playing baseball she studies
art. She lives at No. 325 Kelly street,
the Bronx.

The Female Giants, most of whom,
by the way, are young and pretty girls,
are going to give an exhibition game at
the Lenox Oval, One Hundred and
Forty-fifth street and Lenox avenue, on
Decoration Day. Yesterday they had a
practice game between the Red Stock-
ings and Blue Stockings, and it was
great practice.

The baseball girls were becoming uni-
form, and the red stockings were easily
distinguishable from the blues. Miss
Henker played third base for the reds,
and the blues won. Miss Ida Schnall,
who organized the Female Giants some
years ago, pitched for the victorious
team, and made it evident that she has
should adopt every little new pre-
tense, every frill and ruffle and
ribbon that will help set off her
natural advantages. It's part of a
woman's business to be charming,
and she should be as ready to
avail herself of all the modern de-
vices in her business, as a man is to
fit his shop with the latest
machinery.

STICKS TO WORK IN SOCIAL UPLIFT, LETS HUSBAND GO

Mrs. Sheridan Permitted Di-
vorce Because She Couldn't
Give Up Great Purpose.

FRIEND OF PRESIDENT.
Founder of "New National
Fireside," in Which Margaret
Wilson Is Interested.

Mrs. Sarah McDonald Sheridan, well-
known friend of President Wilson and his
family—musician, sociologist and founder
of the "New National Fireside" move-
ment for the opening of public school
buildings after hours as neighborhood
social centers—believed her work for
greater import than the maintenance of
purely domestic relations. Rather than
give it all up to join Charles Oscar Sheri-
dan in the unrefined wastes of Nevada,
where he had gone four years ago be-
cause of ill health, she permitted her
husband without protest to obtain a di-
vorce in Reno.

"My life has been devoted to two
great impulses," she said to-day in her
beautiful apartment at No. 21 Gram-
ercy Park. "Through my voice I have
given myself for thirty years to sociol-
ogical work, retaining for my services
only enough to support life and to give
my two children all that it was possible
for a mother to give. I have lived to
see my son, Mark Sheridan, establish
the old family home, Atlanta, Ga., as
one of the most promising young mural
painters of the day. My daughter I
lived to see happily married to the
younger son of one of England's noblest
families, Mr. David Crompton."

"This accomplished, I feel that my
family life has been fulfilled. My remain-
ing life holds the great purpose of incessant
work for the betterment of social con-
ditions. Mr. Sheridan prefers the West.
I do not think I should leave the city
to which I have given so much of my
very heart and soul to join him.
That is all there is to be said. I hoped
it would be unnecessary to say any-
thing."

Mrs. Sheridan has just returned from
a visit to the White House. It was
through her that Miss Margaret Wilson
became interested in the "National Fire-
side" idea, and the two are working
hand in hand toward the accomplish-
ment of their purpose.

"Our idea is a nutshell," said Mrs.
Sheridan, "to give the thousands of
young men and women in the whole
country an opportunity to meet at the
homes of the great social workers of the
intercourse by opening the public school
buildings in the evenings. At present
the girls and young men of any neigh-
borhood have no place to go except the
moving picture theatres and worse.
Why should the school buildings—prop-
erty of the people—stand idle for pur-
poseless tombs from afternoon to morning?
The greatest social workers throughout
the nation have been aroused by this
suggestion and I am confident that an-
other year will find the legislatures in
every progressive State passing ade-
quate laws turning the school buildings
into social centers."

As a professional woman Mrs. Sheri-
dan numbers among her singular pupils
the daughters of New York's most dis-
tinguished families. Carrying out her
life work of devotion to sociological work,
she puts all income over to covering her
actual living expenses to good use.
She has many pupils who cannot afford
to pay for instruction and her work, re-
markable in view of the fact that she has
no longer young, is still constantly in
demand for recitals, the proceeds of
which go toward some social movement.

Mrs. Sheridan has had a remarkable
career. Her father, James MacDonald,
was one of the leading men in Georgia
at the time of the civil war. The old
to serve in the field, he gave all his
property to the Confederacy and lived as
poor as the poorest "Cracker" in the
State. From girlhood Mrs. Sheridan
devoted herself to the improvement of
social conditions among the people of
her own State. Instead of seeking
personal fame and fortune on the con-
cert or operatic stage, she travelled from
one Georgian village and town to an-
other, often using freight trains or rid-
ing mule-back, giving recitals and turn-
ing almost every dollar over to one so-
ciological cause or another. It was
through her voice and untiring devotion
that the first funds for the establish-
ment of the now famous Martha Berry
Industrial School in Georgia were raised.

Continuing her work abroad, Mrs.
Sheridan studied under Jea De Reszke,
who urged her to go into opera. She re-
fused to consider it, preferring to give
her voice for the raising of funds for
different social movements. She be-
came the close friend of the leading mu-
sical, literary and artistic people of the
world, and her apartment is filled with
mementoes of these friendships.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan were married
in Atlanta in 1882. He is an architect
and decorator. In recent years, owing
to the nature of his calling and hers
they were much apart.

MRS. PANKHURST IS AGAIN JAILED; STILL FOR WAR

Leader Recovered From Illness,
Declares Militancy Will Go
On Until Vote Is Won.

LONDON, May 24.—Mrs. Emmeline
Pankhurst, the militant suffragette lead-
er, who was released from Holloway
Jail on license on April 13 owing to the
serious condition of her health arising
from her "hunger strike," was rearrested
to-day when she was leaving the
house where she has been staying at
Woking.

Mrs. Pankhurst's ability to leave the
house where she had been convalescing
was apparently accepted by the authori-
ties as evidence of her complete restora-
tion to health. She was formally ar-
rested at Bow Street police court this
afternoon and ordered by the Magis-
trate to be taken to Holloway Jail to
complete her interrupted sentence.

When she was arrested Mrs. Pank-
hurst was just about to enter, in com-
pany with her hostess, Dr. Ethel Smyth,
and a nurse, a motor car belonging to
the Women's Social and Political Union,
in which she was going to drive to the
weekly meeting of the militant organ-
ization. During the police court hear-
ing she made a long statement to the
Magistrate to the effect that her health
was not yet restored, but the Magis-
trate declined to take it into con-
sideration.

The House of Commons passed a new
law this year known as the "Cat and
Mouse bill," permitting the prison au-
thorities to release suffragettes suffer-
ing from the effects of "hunger strikes"
and at the end of a short period to re-
arrest them without warrant and make
them serve the remainder of their original
sentence. Mrs. Pankhurst's license
released her for fourteen days, but it
was then extended in consequence of
her feeble condition.

Informing the London newspaper re-
ports that the Women's Social and Po-
litical Union is about to abandon militancy,
Mrs. Pankhurst said:

"The report is absolutely untrue.
Militancy will continue until the vote is
won. (Signed) PANKHURST."

ST. ANDREW'S, Scotland, May 24.—
Two militant suffragettes got into the
night to damage the golf links here
and so interfere with the opening of the
tournament of the amateur golf cham-
pionship of the world. The women ap-
proached the seventeenth green, where
they were intercepted by the night
guards who have been on duty in ap-
proachable force for over a week owing
to the threats uttered by some of the
militant leaders.

One of the women escaped, but the
other was caught. She was liberated,
however, after being searched and was
not handed over to the police.

GEN. SICKLES GOES BACK TO BED WHEN OTHERS FLEE FIRE

"What in Blazes Are You Both-
ering Me For?" He Asks of
His Would-Be Rescuer.

A small blaze in an old coal vault
under the sidewalk at Gen. Daniel M.
Sickles' home, at Ninth street and
Fifth avenue, early to-day caused every-
body in the four-story house to
rout out except Gen. Sickles. He was
in the police he would stay in bed, and if
the fire reached the house they could
notify him.

The old vault had been used for stor-
age purposes and was filled with boxes
of straw and which bottles were
packed and such rubbish. It is supposed
the fire started from an electric wire.
Lieut. Finn and Policeman Kahn of
the Mercer street station saw smoke
coming from the basement and, being
unable to reach it because of the high
plaster fence around the house, went to
the front door and added rage from
their slights to the ringing of the bell.

Fraser Morely and his wife, the as-
sisted caretakers who live in the rear
basement, came running out shaking
with smoke. The policemen went
through the house arousing the com-
pains. All but the first floor, which
is retained by Gen. Sickles, has been
rented out.

Richard Childs and wife live on the
second floor; Edward Dodge and his
wife on the third, and Charles Lynch
and wife on the fourth. Gen. Sickles's
housekeeper sleeps in the front of the
ground floor and Gen. Sickles in the
rear.

The smoke from the fire had filled the
hallways and some of the rooms of the
house before the policemen began to
wear the tennies. None of them needed
a second invitation to get out, and they
all went to the sidewalk, including the
General's housekeeper, with blankets
and quilts thrown around them.

When Gen. Sickles failed to appear
Lieut. Finn went to the back parlor and
pounded on the door until there was a
gruff:

"Who's there?"

"Lieut. Finn of the Police Depart-
ment," replied Finn as he opened the
door, walked in, formally quipped and
continued: "I have the honor to report,
General, that the house is on fire!"

"Where?"

"In the cellar, General."

"What the blazes are you bothering
me for, then?"

"But the house is full of smoke."

"I don't give a (it sounded like dam-
b) love smoke. I eat it. I don't want to
be disturbed at this hour of the morn-
ing, sir."

He stepped to the floor, carefully felt
around and, detecting no signs of heat,
rolled back under the covers.

"Oh, he's shocked the General," Finn
stayed here. If the flames come up into
the house you can notify me. Now get
out and don't bother me."

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